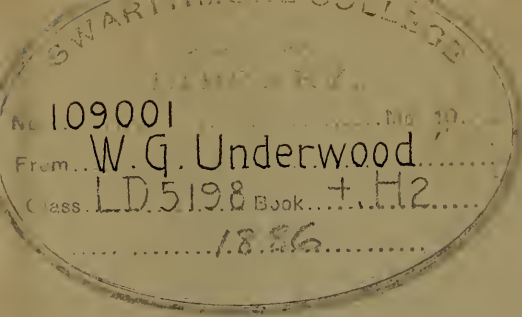


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THE  
H·A·L·C·Y·O·N,

PUBLISHED BY

THE JUNIOR CLASS

OF

SWARTHMORE COLLEGE.



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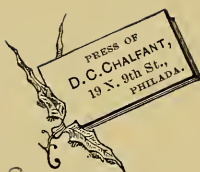
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❧ 1885=86 ❧



SWARTHMOREANA

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1886

## SALUTATORY.

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A DISTINGUISHED journalist has said, "The way to edit is to edit:" so we have decided to ignore the precedent established by former staffs of offering excuses for presenting an Annual, and simply ask that the *Halcyon* for 1886 stand or fall on its merits.

We have labored with the view of correcting and reforming whatever we found needing correction and reformation. We have endeavored to point out to our fellow-students some of their eccentricities, to give advice to the Faculty, and to reflect credit upon our Alma Mater. If, in so doing, we have been too severe in exposing the weaknesses of any one, or wounded the feelings of the more susceptible, we wish to offer them our sincere apology, and assure them that no affront has been intended. We have also collected such college statistics as will make the book valuable for reference, as well as a souvenir to all friends of the College.

While our labor has not always been of the most pleasant character, we shall feel amply repaid for our trouble, if we have been of service to our worthy Faculty, in showing them any inconsistencies that may occur; to ex-members of Swarthmore, in recalling scenes of their college life; and to college students, in helping them to while away a passing hour.



## DEDICATION.

---

Swarthmore has most charming girls,  
Of every kind and station  
They're the dear and priceless pearls  
That bless co-education.

Girls of every kind we greet ;  
Some like lilies, fair, *petite*,  
Others darker, but as sweet,  
Of all sizes are their feet ;  
Eyes of every shade we meet,  
Black, or brown, or hazel hue,  
Grey eyes, eyes of purest blue,  
None of them will prove untrue.  
Girls, we love you, and we do  
Dedicate this book to you.



## CALENDAR, 1885-86.

1885.	Ninth month, 8th,	Third-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Ninth month, 8th,	Third-day,	Examinations for admission begin.
"	Ninth month, 10th,	Fifth-day,	Examinations for admission completed, and old students return.
"	Ninth month, 11th,	Sixth-day,	Regular Exercises begin.
"	Eleventh month, 30th,	Second-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 1st,	Third-day,	ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCK-HOLDERS.
"	Twelfth month, 1st,	Third-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 23d,	Fourth-day,	Holidays begin.
1886.	First month, 4th,	Second-day,	Students return for roll-call at 8 P. M.
"	First month, 5th,	Third-day,	Regular Exercises begin.
"	Third month, 1st,	Second-day,	Candidates for Degrees present theses.
"	Third month, 9th,	Third-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Fourth month, 21st,	Fourth-day,	Spring Recess begins.
"	Fourth month, 28th,	Fourth-day,	Students return for roll-call at 8 P. M.
"	Fifth month, 24th,	Second-day,	Senior Examinations begin.
"	Fifth month, 31st,	Second-day,	Senior Examinations completed, the results announced, and parts for Commencement assigned.
"	Sixth month, 7th,	Second-day,	Final Examinations begin.

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1886.	Sixth month, 11th,	Sixth-day,	Examinations for admission begin.
"	Sixth month, 12th,	Seventh-day,	Examinations for admission completed.
"	Sixth month, 14th,	Second-day,	Class Day Exercises.
"	Sixth month, 14th,	Second-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Sixth month, 14th,	Second-day,	Annual Business Meeting of the Alumni Association.
"	Sixth month, 15th,	Third-day,	COMMENCEMENT.
"	Ninth month, 14th,	Third-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Ninth month, 14th,	Third-day,	Examinations for admission begin.
"	Ninth month, 16th,	Fifth-day,	Examinations for admission completed and old students return.
"	Ninth month, 17th,	Sixth-day,	Regular Exercises begin.
"	Twelfth month, 6th,	Second-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 7th,	Third-day,	ANNUAL MEETING OF STOCK-HOLDERS.
"	Twelfth month, 7th,	Third-day,	Meeting of the Board of Managers.
"	Twelfth month, 23d,	Fifth-day,	Holidays begin.
1887.	First month, 3d,	Second-day,	Students return for roll-call at 8 P. M.
"	First month, 4th,	Third-day,	Regular Exercises begin.



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*Assistant Librarian and Instructor in Botany.*





## SENIORS.

CLASS COLORS:—*Garnet and Pearl.*

MOTTO:—*Ne Recedamus.*

YELL:—" *Re, rah, rhi, rix, S. C., '86!*"

The Senior; he our strong right hand,  
Of Faculty supporter stanch,  
Proficient in each single branch,  
A consummation great and grand,—  
He runs the ranch.

BEHOLD us! we are Seniors, having passed through those three stages of college life,—childhood, youth and manhood, and are now in our second childhood. The trials of Freshmen dissolve into nothingness when compared to those of the Seniors. This year our greatest trouble has been the Faculty. We have had much difficulty in keeping this body in the right path, as it has sometimes proved very erratic. In laying down the plans for it to pursue, we have endeavored to keep the interest of the college at heart. We debated a long time before we concluded to shut down on theatricals, but were forced to do so because the last play presented was not "elevating." Our course may at times seem to have been inconsistent, but we excuse all these vacillations by saying we have changed our minds. A Junior jocosely remarks that this is a gilded figure of speech, and that we have no minds; but we know better. We know that we could raise brains enough to supply the whole college and have sufficient left for our own use. We know that without our editors the *Phoenix* would go into a slow decline. We know that without our athletes there would be no sports. We know that without our orators there would be no life in the literary societies. We know that without our beaux the girls would all be neglected. We know all this and more. But if I told you *all* we know it would take twice the allotted space: so I will refrain, much as I know you would enjoy the recital. Our minds are filled with gloomy forboding in regard to the future of Swarthmore after we leave. We feel that there is no class here worthy to receive our mantle when we take our departure. Modesty is not one of our faults. We understand the important position we occupy, and we mean that all others shall look at it in the same light.

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C. PERCY WILLCOX, 2nd half year.

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ARTHUR D. COCHRAN, 2nd half year.

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ELLA MERRICK, 2nd half year.

### TREASURERS :

ROWLAND J. SPENCER, 1st half year.

EDGAR M. SMEDLEY, 2nd half year.

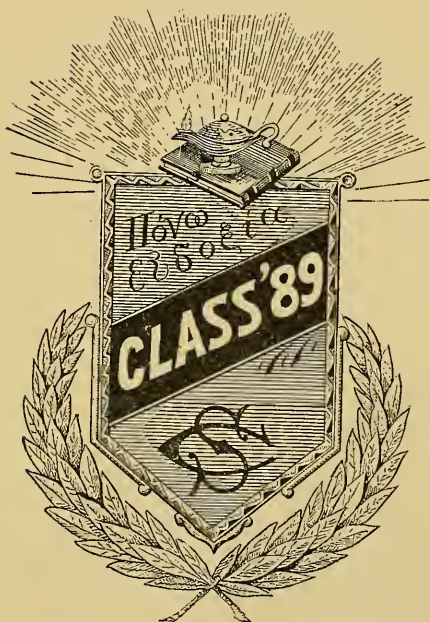
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Historian.	.	.	.	.	ELLA MERRICK.
Poet,	.	.	.	.	MARTHA M. WATSON.
Prophet,	.	.	.	.	EMMA S. BONES.
Presenter,	.	.	.	.	ARTHUR D. COCHRAN.
Statistician,	.	.	.	.	HELEN G. JOHNSON.

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C. PERCY WILLCOX,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>





# FRESHMEN.

MOTTO:—*πονηρὸν ἐνδοξίαν.*

YELL:—"Re, Rah! Re, Rah! '89, Re, Rah!!"

The Freshman; he regards each rule  
As Sacred Writ; from working sums  
And playing with his toys and drums  
Alumnus of the district school,—  
To "School" he comes.

Dear Mr. Ed-i-tor:

You want me to write about our class. It is made of me and some more boys and girls, and is called Fresh-men. Some of the *men* are boys and some are girls; some are fresh and some are not fresh. There are some big boys called Soph-o-mores, who play jokes on us and take our dolls and our toys. These are bad boys, and ma-ma said I should not play with them.

We have a yell. It is a nice yell. When we yell our yell we raise—a Prof. Profs are men. They are nearly as bad as the Soph-o-mores, and will not let us play pus-sy. They give us de-mer-its. I can add and sub-tract, and know y is the fourth of July. Next year I will be big, and eat with a knife and fork. Then I will write to you a-gain.



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---

Pennsylvania, . . . . .	62
New York, . . . . .	14
New Jersey, . . . . .	18
Maryland, . . . . .	5
Virginia, . . . . .	7
Delaware, . . . . .	4
District of Columbia, . . . . .	3
Indiana, . . . . .	2
New Mexico, . . . . .	2
Texas, . . . . .	2
North Carolina, . . . . .	1
Georgia, . . . . .	1
California, . . . . .	1
Wisconsin, . . . . .	1
Total, . . . . .	<u>123</u>

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ELIZABETH B. SMEDLEY, '87, " "

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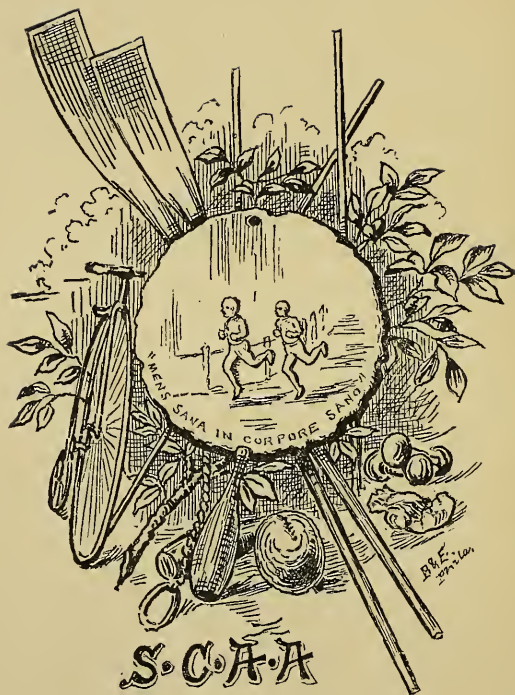
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# SPRING ATHLETIC SPORTS.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION TRACK.

*Fifth Month, 23d, 1885.*

Hundred Yards Dash,	A. C. Pancoast,	Time, $11\frac{1}{5}$ sec.
Ex-members 100 yards Dash,	E. Middleton,	Time, $11\frac{3}{5}$ sec.
Running High Jump,	I. D. Webster,	Dist., 5 ft. $10\frac{1}{4}$ in.
One Mile Walk,	W. S. Gilbreath,	Time, 11 min. 28 sec.
Putting the Shot,	E. Ekins,	Dist., 29 ft.
Hurdle Race,—120 yards,	I. D. Webster,	Time, $18\frac{4}{5}$ sec.
Throwing the Hammer,	E. Ekins,	Dist., 62 ft. 4 in.
One Mile Run,	H. B. Forman, Jr.,	Time, 5 min. 28 sec
440 Yards Dash,	W. E. Sweet,	Time, 1 min.
Pole Vaulting,	S. Brown,	Dist., 8 ft. $11\frac{1}{2}$ in.
One-Half Mile Run,	M. L. Clothier,	Time, 2 min 29 sec.
Standing Broad Jump,	I. D. Webster,	Dist., 10 ft. $6\frac{1}{2}$ in.
220 Yards Dash,	A. C. Pancoast,	Time, 25 sec.
Running Broad Jump,	I. D. Webster,	Dist., 16 ft. 9 in.
Bicycle Race,—One Mile,	T. M. Lightfoot,	Time, 4 min. $4\frac{1}{5}$ sec.

FIELD MEETING  
—OF THE—  
SWARTHMORE COLLEGE ATHLETIC  
ASSOCIATION.

---

*Fifth Month, 23d, 1885.*

---

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JUDGES:

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MARSHAL:

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MARSHAL'S AIDS:

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EUGENE GRIFFIN.

STARTER:

EDGAR M. SMEDLEY, '86.

TIME KEEPERS:

GEORGE T. BARNSLEY, '87.

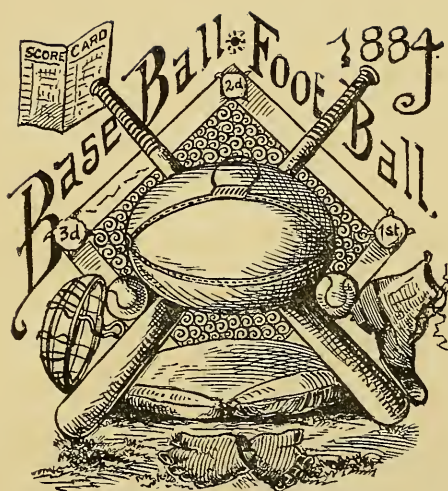
WILLIAM S. MARSHALL, '88.

SCORER:

J. RUSSELL HAYES, '87.

## ATHLETIC RECORDS.

EVENT.	BEST ENGLISH RECORD.	BEST AMERICAN RECORD.	BEST INTERCOLLEGE RECORD.	BEST SWARTHMORE RECORD.	NAME.	DATE.
100 yards dash.	Doubtful.	10 sec.	10 sec.	10 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	W. F. Dowdall.	Nov., 1880.
220 yards dash.	22 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	22 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	22 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	23 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	T. L. Moore.	May, 1880.
440 yards dash.	48 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	48 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	50 $\frac{1}{4}$ sec.	53 sec.	S. Keemle.	May, 1879.
One-half mile run.	1 min. 55 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	1 min. 55 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	2 min. $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	2 min. 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	J. M. Caley.	May, 1880.
One mile run.	4 min. 18 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	4 min. 21 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	4 min. 37 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	5 min. 23 sec.	H. B. Forman.	May, 1885.
120 yards hurdle (10 hurdles.)	16 sec.	16 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	18 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	I. D. Webster.	May, 1885.
Bicycle race (1 mile.)				3 min. 48 sec.	H. S. Woodworth.	May, 1883.
One mile walk.	6 min. 32 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.	6 min. 29 $\frac{2}{3}$ sec.	7 min. 4 $\frac{4}{5}$ sec.	8 min. 45 sec.	R. Hoopes.	April, 1882.
Throwing hammer, (16 lbs.)		96 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	88 ft. 11 in.	82 ft. 2 in.	T. L. Moore.	May, 1880.
Putting shot (16 lbs.)	43 ft. 5 in.	43 ft.	38 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	36 ft.	N. Lukens.	May, 1881.
Running high jump.	6 ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	6 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	6 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in.	5 ft. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	I. D. Webster.	May, 1885.
Standing broad jump.			10 ft. $\frac{3}{8}$ in.	10 ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	I. D. Webster.	May, 1885.
Running broad jump.	23 ft.	22 ft. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.	21 ft. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	20 ft. 1 in.	W. Butler.	May, 1880.
Pole vaulting.	11 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	11 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	10 ft. 1 in.	9 ft. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.	E. M. Smedley.	May, 1884.



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## 1885.

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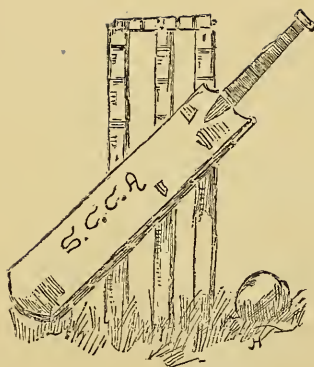
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VOL. V. SWARTHMORE COLLEGE, FOURTH-MONTH, 1886. No. 9.

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---

## APOLOGY.

---

You ask us why we print it? Why we fill  
Its pages with the products of our quill,  
    With compositions, records without end  
    Of those who in Athletic sports contend,  
And "Pomes" that go abroad to slay and kill?

To pipe old Swarthmore's fame both loud and shrill,  
And thus to drop a penny in her till  
In time; for she has proved herself the friend  
    Of Editors.

Nor do we hope, when making up our pill  
Of witless words, to merit aught but ill;  
    To please or entertain we don't intend,—  
    Our only purpose is but to offend  
And in offending show the simple skill  
    Of Editors.

## MUGWUMP POKER CLUB.

---

"ORLANDO,"	. . . . .	<i>Banker.</i>
"AGNUS,"	. . . . .	<i>Dealer.</i>
"ARY,"	. . . . .	<i>Teller.</i>
"S-DL-R,"	. . . . .	<i>Referee.</i>



## GRAND ORDER

— OF —

## ✧ THE HIGH HAT. ✧

---

L-NSD-N,	. . . . .	<i>Captain.</i>
C-CHR-N,	. . . . .	<i>1st Lieutenant.</i>
FR-DL-Y,	. . . . .	<i>2d Lieutenant.</i>
—ND-R-D,	. . . . .	<i>3d Lieutenant.</i>
D-RL-NGT-N,	. . . . .	<i>Marshal(l).</i>

**IN MEMORIAM.**

---

**SACRED TO THE MEMORY**

OF OUR ESTEEMED

**Theatrical Entertainments,****DIED,**

BY DECREE OF THE FACULTY,

**December 5th, 1885.**

## JUNIOR DAY.

[The programme for '87's Junior Day is not complete, but it will probably be as follows:]

Solo.—“We get there all the same,” . Miss L. B.\* Smedley.

Oration.—Pachydermatous Trilobite with  
Involute Capricorns, . . . F. B. Dilworth.

Oration.—The Usness of Me, . . . Geo. T. Barnsley.

Oration.—The Influence of Bacteria upon  
the Human Family, . . . Miss H. J. Cox.

Song.—“Where is my wandering *mind*  
to-night,” . . . H. Roberts.

[NOTE.—Mr. Roberts will not repeat this more than three times, no matter how loudly encored.]

Oration.—Vegetables, the Food of Man, . T. A. Jenkins.

Oration.—The Place of the Dude in History, H. Darlington.

[After the bouquets have been cleared away, Mr. Darlington will appear before the audience in his dude suit, and, if he feels quite well, will give an exhibition.]

Select Reading, . . . F. K. Lane.

Poem.—[If the audience can be induced  
to remain,] . . . W. G. Underwood.

Song.—“Wait till the clouds roll by,” Miss L. B. Smith.

Oration.—The Influence for Good which  
the Theatre Exerts, . . . H. B. Goodwin.

Chant.—Elegy on '87's Class-tree, . . . Class.

# TWENTY REASONS

FOR NOT

## WRITING FOR THE HALCYON.

- The Editors now one and all  
 In vain for contributions call;  
 And when a Junior comes in view,  
 They boldly ply their trade anew:  
 "Stay, for the *Halcyon* you must write!  
 Now will you promise honor bright?"  
 The Junior turns with frightened eye:  
 "Why I can't write, I'll tell you why,"  
 And then begins a list of reasons  
 He has stored up for needy seasons.
1. I have a bad cold in my head,
  2. And for two days I've been in bed.
  3. To-morrow we have Conic Sections;
  4. My work's piled up in all directions.
  5. Examination comes on Monday;
  6. You know I always rest on Sunday.
  7. Tuesday's the day we go surveying;
  8. Wednesday's the time for foot-ball playing.
  9. On Thursday comes the Latin and Greek,
  10. And Friday's the hardest day in the week.
  11. I always go to bed at eight,
  12. Doctor won't let me sit up late.
  13. The ladies too must be assuaged;
  14. My leisure time is all engaged.
  15. Miss Brown to-night awaits my call;
  16. To-morrow I must see Miss Hall.
  17. You surely wont ask *me* to write,
  18. My brain is in a dreadful plight.
  19. O, there's Sam Jones across the street
  20. The very man I was to meet.—  
 And ere his game is understood,  
 The Junior's reached the distant wood.



## JUNIORS.

CLASS COLORS:—*Gold and Sapphire Blue.*

MOTTO:—*εἰς τὸ πρόσθεν.*

YELL:—"Hi, Ya, '87! Hi, Ya, Yo!!"

The Junior; he the mould of form,  
The easy loafer with his tune,  
The graceful slippered pantaloon,  
And now, when through the Soph'more storm,—  
He plays the "spoon."

AT last, after a tempestuous voyage of two years we have reached that harbor towards which as Freshmen we looked with fear and trembling. We have passed through the hardships of the course and anchored safely in that haven of rest, the Junior year. How sweet is that word to our ear, and what visions of late trains, recitation *hooked* and lectures *cut* it brings trooping through our minds!

Our men are not, as a rule, large in stature, but making up in overwhelming brain-power and massive intellect what they lack in height. We have public speakers of great force and power, who can talk for hours upon matters they know nothing about; and when they are through the listeners will be in the same blissful state of ignorance in regard to the subject. They resemble the lawyer who set his mouth to work and was in the habit of going off and leaving it talking, and would not be responsible for what it said when he was not present. We have poets of the "beautiful snow" breed. We have Republican, Democratic and Mugwump politicians. We have mathematicians of the most virulent kind. We have engineers who can instruct the Profs. We have musicians who can make one wish he were at rest in the grave. Lastly, we have two moustaches of the second magnitude. We are dignity personified. No longer do we laugh and jest with the under classmen. No longer do we cheer the roof of our heads into a case of neuralgia over a game of foot-ball.

We have always been a humble class. This is partly owing to the beautiful and artistic manner in which the Faculty has repeatedly sat on us. They began by sitting on our Freshmen plans for a class society, and continued sitting on every request they possibly could, clear down to refusing our petition for a Junior day. It is probable they will continue this sitting process through the rest of our course.

## OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF '87.

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### PRESIDENTS :

FRED. K. LANE, 1st half year.

WM. G. UNDERWOOD, 2nd half year.

### VICE-PRESIDENTS :

WM. G. UNDERWOOD, 1st half year.

THOMAS A. JENKINS, 2nd Half year.

### SECRETARIES :

ELIZABETH B. SMEDLEY, 1st half year.

ANNA TRAVILLA, 2nd half year.

### TREASURERS :

THOMAS A. JENKINS, 1st half year.

FRED. B. DILWORTH, 2nd half year.

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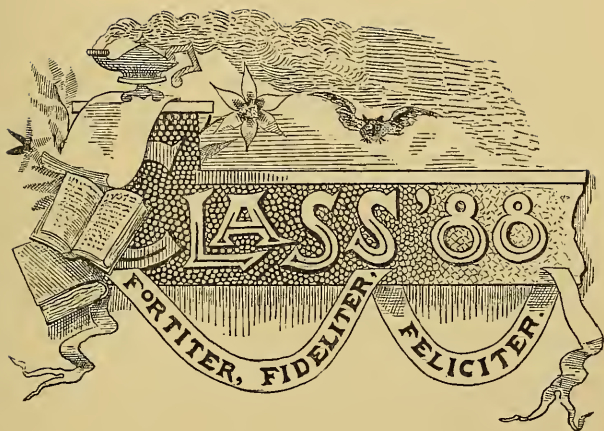
Historian,	.	.	.	.	LINDA B. PALMER.
Poet,	.	.	.	.	HARRIET J. COX.
Prophet,	.	.	.	.	ANNA TRAVILLA.
Orator,	.	.	.	.	GEORGE T. BARNESLEY.
Presenter,	.	.	.	.	ALICE T. BATTIN.
Toast Master,	.	.	.	.	HENRY B. GOODWIN.

# CLASS OF '87.

GEORGE T. BARNESLEY,	Huntington, Valley, Pa.,	<i>Engineering.</i>
ALICE T. BATTIN,	Albany, N. Y.,	<i>Classical.</i>
WALTER A. BROWN,	Washington, D. C.,	<i>Engineering.</i>
HARRIET J. COX,	Malvern, Pa.,	<i>Literary.</i>
HORACE DARLINGTON,	Darling, Pa.,	<i>Engineering.</i>
FREDERICK B. DILWORTH,	Centreville, Del.,	"
HENRY B. GOODWIN,	Bordentown, N. J.,	"
ANNA M. JENKINS,	Gwynedd, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
THOMAS A. JENKINS,	Gwynedd, Pa.,	"
FREDERICK K. LANE,	Lancaster, Pa.,	<i>Engineering.</i>
LINDA BELLE PALMER,	West Chester, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
JESSIE PYLE,	London Grove, Pa.,	"
HORACE ROBERTS,	Fellowship, N. J.,	"
ELIZABETH B. SMEDLEY,	Willistown, Pa.,	"
ELIZABETH A. SMEDLEY,	Media, Pa.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
ELIZABETH B. SMITH,	Lincoln, Va.,	<i>Classical.</i>
ANNA TRAVILLA,	West Chester, Pa.,	<i>Literary.</i>
WILLIAM G. UNDERWOOD,	Elizabeth City, N. C.,	<i>Engineering.</i>







## SOPHOMORES.

CLASS COLORS :—*Orange and Seal Brown.*

MOTTO :—*Fortiter, fideliter, feliciter.*

YELL :—" *Yah! yah! yate! S. C., '88, Hist, boom, ah!!*"

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The Soph; a medley strange and wild,  
 The pirate of the college sea,  
 Full of strange oaths and language free,  
 With cheek of what? and brain of child,—  
 He plants a tree.

---

IT has fallen to my lot to write a history of the greatest class that has ever entered Swarthmore College. I say this boldly, and I say it without asking anyone outside of the class to accept it. We are now Sophomores and look down with supreme contempt upon those specimens of condensed milk, just from their parental moorings, known as Freshmen. We are a modest, retiring class, and seldom bring ourselves before the public, nor sound our own praises. Everything we do is done right. We never get left. We have great heads for figures. Who says half of us got left in analytical geometry? Well, what if we did? There are other kinds of figures besides Conic Sections. "Haverford beat us at foot-ball." It was a bad day for the game, and our men got tired. Lafayette, bah! The referee gave the game away. He was bribed. We lost our foot-ball, did we? That was '87's sharp work. And our constitution? We were Freshmen then. Some of us didn't pass in Descriptive? It wasn't our fault; the Prof. watched so sharply that we couldn't work our "ponies." We are the most congenial class in the college. We all pull together. We have the most profound harmony in our class-meetings. We pulled up '87's tree. ("After it was dead.") We have many other virtues, but the limited space and my innate modesty will not permit me to mention them. A full list will be furnished upon application to the secretary of the class.

## OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF '88.

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### PRESIDENTS :

WILLIAM S. MARSHALL, 1st half year.

HARVEY T. SMITH, 2nd half year.

### VICE-PRESIDENTS :

HARVEY T. SMITH, 1st half year.

CARROLL H. SUDLER, 2nd half year.

### SECRETARIES :

HETTY C. LIPPINCOTT, 1st half year.

MARY H. SMITH, 2nd half year.

### TREASURERS :

THOMAS BROWN, 1st half year.

EDITH H. CUTLER, 2nd half year.

### MARSHAL :

CARROLL H. SUDLER, 1st half year.

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Historian,	.	.	.	.	MARTHA P. JONES.
Orator,	.	.	.	.	ROWLAND J. HAINES.
Poet,	.	.	.	.	MAUD P. MILLS.
Prophet,	.	.	.	.	E. GERTRUDE MOORE.
Toast-Master,	.	.	.	.	GEORGE H. BOYER.

# CLASS OF '88.

M. ELLA ALTHOUSE,	Reading, Pa.,	<i>Literary.</i>
ALICE M. ATKINSON,	Holicong, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
GEORGE H. BOYER,	Kendall Creek, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
JOSEPH H. BRANSON,	Stephenson, Va.,	"
WILLIAM E. BRANSON,	Stephenson, Va.,	"
THOMAS BROWN,	Lincoln, Va.,	"
FRANK CAWLEY,	Woodstown, N. J.,	"
ELIZABETH J. CLOTHIER,	Wynnewood, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
JESSIE L. COLSON,	Daretown, N. J.,	<i>Literary.</i>
SADIE M. CONROW,	Cinnaminson, N. J.,	<i>Classical.</i>
EDITH H. CUTLER,	Unionville, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
JOSEPH H. DICKINSON,	Cains, Pa.,	"
WILLIAM L. DUDLEY,	Washington, D. C.,	"
ETHELBERT EKINS,	Los Angeles, Cal.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
ROBERT P. ERVIEN,	Shoemakertown, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
E. LAWRENCE FELL,	Holicong, Pa.,	"
JOYEUSE L. FULLERTON,	Wenonah, N. J.,	<i>Classical.</i>
EMMA GAWTHROP,	Wilmington, Del.,	"
ROWLAND J. HAINES,	Norristown, Pa.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
ALICE HALL,	West Chester, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
P. SHARPLESS HALL,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
WALTER HANCOCK,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	"
ANNA H. JOHNSON,	Muncy, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
MARTHA P. JONES,	Conshohocken, Pa.,	"
T. MONTGOMERY LIGHTFOOT,	Germantown, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
HETTY C. LIPPINCOTT,	Riverton, N. J.,	<i>Classical.</i>
LAURA L. LIPPINCOTT,	Hartford, N. J.,	"
CHARLES LONGSTRETH,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
ELLIS P. MARSHALL, Jr.,	London Grove, Pa.,	"
WILLIAM S. MARSHALL,	Milwaukee, Wis.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
MAUD P. MILLS,	Buffalo, N. Y.,	<i>Classical.</i>
E. GERTRUDE MOORE,	Atlanta, Ga.,	"
ELSIE PALMER,	Baltimore, Md.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
AARON C. PANCOAST,	San Antonio, Texas,	<i>Scientific.</i>
WILLIAM M. PERRINE,	Philadelphia, Pa.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
JOSEPH J. RHOADS,	Bellefonte, Pa.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
WALLACE S. RISLEY,	Camden, N. J.,	"
WILLIAM H. SEAMAN,	Jericho, N. Y.,	"
JAMES L. SELIGMAN,	Santa Fé, New Mexico,	"
CATHARINE M. RIDER,	New York, N. Y.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
MARIAN SHARPLESS,	Darling, Pa.,	"
AMELIA SKILLIN,	Glen Head, N. Y.,	<i>Classical.</i>
HARVEY T. SMITH,	Lincoln, Va.,	<i>Scientific.</i>
MARY H. SMITH,	Unionville, Pa.,	<i>Classical.</i>
CARROLL H. SUDLER,	Sudlersville, Md.,	"
FANNY C. SHROYER,	Logansport, Ind.,	<i>Irregular.</i>
REBECCA E. SIMMONS,	Woodbury, N. J.,	"
CHARLOTTE L. STRATTAN,	Altoona, Pa.,	"
EMMA E. THOMAS,	Cheyney, Pa.,	"
HELENA W. TYLER,	Woodstown, N. J.,	<i>Classical.</i>
CHARLOTTE M. WAY,	Atlantic City, N. J.,	"
ANNIE E. WILLITS,	Syasset, N. Y.,	"
ESTHER M. WILLITS,	Old Westbury, N. Y.,	<i>Literary.</i>
FRANK V. WILSON,	Lincoln, Va.,	<i>Classical.</i>

## HOW '87'S CLASS-TREE SAVED THE COLLEGE.

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IN looking over the annals of '87 we were reminded of an important circumstance in connection with the Class-tree which we think is not generally known, and, as it is a question of great interest to all who have the welfare of the college at heart, we will attempt to give it in a few words.

In the Sophomore year, the Class of '87, following the examples set them by preceding classes, decided to plant a tree. This being done, the momentous question came up as to what kind it should be. Debate rose high. Every Sophomore had a tree to suggest, and every Sophomore was convinced that the merits of his tree excelled the merits of every other Sophomore's tree. Strong arguments were brought up in favor of all kinds of trees, from the graceful elm to the spreading oak, and from the tropical palm to the pine tree of the far North. But above all the tumult and confusion could be heard the firm, resolute demand for the ban-yan tree. In vain did the president call for order. He might as well have tried to quiet the troubled elements. No one would yield, and still the ban-yan man would have his tree. It was soon found that there was no deciding to be done that night; and so the meeting adjourned until the ardent spirits should become calmed by a night's sleep. As

the meeting broke up and each member sought his separate apartment, we could still hear growing fainter in the distance the eloquent pleadings for the ban-yan tree.

Again the class met to decide this weighty question. The committee on trees this time undertook to bring about a better arrangement of things, and ere the class had assembled they wrote the names of the various trees on the board. When order was called the president announced that it should be decided by ballot as to the tree to be adopted by the class. This they proceeded to do, and, after many ballots, it was at last decided to plant a *Fagus Sylvatica*. A day was set apart for the planting, the very fates seemed propitious, for it dawned bright and clear. The class gathered on the campus, at the spot where the planting was to take place, and with all due ceremony, the tree was consigned to the earth, while each Sophomore breathed a wish that it might grow and prosper. 'Twas then that we listened to that immortal elegy that, as some one has said, "will be known when Shakespeare and Milton are forgotten, but not until then."

For many days it was watched with anxious eyes, but not one of those who helped to plant that tree ever dreamed of the important part it would one day play in the history of Swarthmore College. The tree seemed to flourish at first, and its bursting buds were watched with pride by the Class of '87. But, alas! one day there came a storm; and the rain descended, and the wind blew and beat upon that tree, but it bent its pliant form and fell not. Within the College all was consternation, and each student held his breath with fear. The clouds were dark and threatening. The lightning flashed forth every now and then, and ran in zigzag streaks across the sky. The thunder rolled ominously, and all the time the peals grew louder and more frequent. At last came

a dazzling ball of fire, and at the same time a deafening crash of thunder. Each student was paralyzed with terror, waiting for the worst; expecting every moment to see the building in flames. But no! Immediately the clouds became broken, the rain fell more slowly, the wind abated its fury, and soon some blue sky appeared. But, alas! when the students sallied forth from the College, they found the Sophomore tree a wreck. The lightning had struck *it*, and the College was secure. Thus with its own life did the Class-tree of '87 save the College from the wrath of Jove.





TOLD IT WITH GREAT EFFECT.						1ST. DAY.
ASKED TO REPEAT IT.						2ND. DAY.
REPEATED IT WITHOUT BEING ASKED.						3RD. DAY.
TOLD IT TO SOME ONE WHO SAID "CHESTNUTS."						4TH. DAY.
TOLD IT TO HIS ROOMMATE WHO DIDN'T SEE IT.						5TH. DAY.
TOLD IT TO SOME FRESHMEN, BUT NONE OF THEM LAUGH.						6TH. DAY.
SPRUNG IT UPON A FRIEND IN THE GYM.						7TH. DAY.
WHEN HE APPROACHED A CROWD IT IMMEDIATELY DISPERSED.						8TH. DAY.
HE IS CUT BY ALL HIS ACQUAINTANCES.						9TH. DAY.
HE IS FORCED TO DROP HIS PUN.						10TH. DAY.

The above is a graphic illustration of one of L-ghtf-t's puns. The laughs raised are laid off as abscissas, and the flatness with which it fell as ordinates of rectangular axes. It will be observed that it reached its elastic limit on the fourth day, after which its descent was more and more rapid until the tenth, when it was withdrawn.



## THE ORCHESTRA.

---

WE understand that a diabolical scheme is being hatched to start an orchestra here at Swarthmore. While sincerely hoping that nothing of the kind will be attempted, we wish to take up our pen in condemnation of the proposed plan ; and feel that our words of warning will be more likely to be heeded if we describe the terrible train of evils that followed in the wake of the last organization of the kind. This orchestra met just across the hall from the *Halcyon* sanctum, and hence we consider ourselves competent to speak in regard to it if any one is. As nearly as we could judge, it was composed of two kettle-drums, three bass-drums, one dinner-gong, two fire-bells, one alarm-clock, one saw-mill, two horse-fiddles, three fog-horns, forte pianos, sixteen hand-organs and twelve sewing-machines. The performance began one-half holiday, at two P. M., and lasted until five, at which time all the survivors in the neighborhood were given a short intermission to consult an auricular physician.

This orchestra was at its best when playing some Wagnerian opera. The music brought tears to the eyes of all who heard it ; while several times the listeners attempted to break the doors down, so as to stop it before their emotions overpowered them. The music began with one wild, blood-curdling, ear-splitting whoop from the fog-horns and horse-fiddles. Then the buzz-saw and sewing-machines were started, while the chief engineer yanked the whistle, and the fireman opened the throttle and put on more coal, until our hair stood on end, and we were limp and faint ; while our sturdy muse, hardened to noise and discord by hearing the tin-

plated band of the gods perform on Mt. Olympus, was forced to stuff his ears full of cotton, and, just as the hand-organs were being turned on, a convulsive shudder passed down his spine and half way back, when it struck in, piercing his noble heart, and he keeled over dead. He left his work to be finished by a second class muse, whom we were able to entice from his position as stable boy to Minerva's coachman, by offering him three dollars a week and board (this may account for the peculiar unjointedness of some of our poetry). This sad event happened in the early part of the rehearsal. As the orchestra got warmed up to its work, the scene beggared description. An earthquake, tornado, and cyclone all going at once would be silent as the grave compared to the appalling and unearthly noises which it produced. The chandeliers is our sanctum broke, pens wept, blotters wiped their eyes, windows rattled, the ceiling cracked, the walls swayed and tottered, our dog put his tail between his legs and ran howling away; while we, who had read unnerved a whole column from *Punch*, were obliged to blow our nose and wipe the moisture from the corners of our eyes. This was the first and only meeting of the orchestra, as the faculty reversed its policy and summoned them before its Assembly to show cause why they should not be suspended.



## MACSAUNDERS.

SCENE I.—*An open place in the hall, West Wing, near ten P. M.*

1st Witch.—When shall we three meet again,—  
At twelve, eleven, or at ten?

2d Witch.—When the hurly-burlys done,  
When the watchman's course is run:

3d Witch.—Then we will begin the fun.

1st Witch.—Where the place?

2d Witch.—The Alcove there.

3d Witch.—Hark, the watchman on the stair!

All.—The watchman comes:—Anon, Anon.

We'll hide until the fellow's gone.

[Witches vanish.]

SCENE II.—*The Alcove. Midnight. Enter Macsaunders, led by one witch, meeting other two witches. All robed in white and armed with pillows.*

1st Witch.—How now, Macsaunders, you look laughingly?

Macsaunders.—In pillow fight I much delight,  
So let me lead the van to-night.

2d Witch.—(*Pointing to door.*)

Yon door from us the victims hide,  
You enter first, we're at your side.

[Macsaunders enters; door locked from without.]

Macsaunders.—(*Within.*)

'Tis cold and damp, I am afraid;  
Oh, would that in my bed I'd staid!  
Pray, let me out! 'tis dark as sin!

1st Witch.—Ha! ha!

2d Witch.—Ho! ho!

3d Witch.—They laugh who win.

## SOLILOQUY OF A VICTIM OF SCIENCE.

---

NEVER did the fervid imagination of youth conjure up such a fate as this! In the happy bygone hours when in my frolicsome kitten-hood I slumbered gently in Grandma's work-box, or in the recesses of Grandpa's slipper, never had I cause to look forward to anything but a long life, blest with numerous hostile encounters; or, when, a wandering troubadour, I trilled my dulcet lay of hemi-demi-semi-quavers for the future destroyers of my happiness,—never dreamt I of Biology! But now, alas, my *manes*, in defiance of missiles, wanders disconsolately athwart the midnight sky unharmed.

I gaze around the laboratory. My eyes contract their smallest. There lies my quondam brain in alcohol; there the remnants of my liver; here my solitary optic, its mate having been lost in a nocturnal fray. Ye unrelenting Fates! how would my tender mother and my strong-lunged sire have bewailed my exit, had they not both fallen victims to the foul treachery of man! But hist! behold the crowd of miserable dissectors. Avaunt, my soul, thy vengeance shall be filled! Yea, I will haunt you, cursed transverse-sectioners of the heart that once beat for thick-furred Minnie,—I will haunt your midnight pillow from this time forward! Hence, my spirit! Ur-r-e-a-ou-ou-u!! Vale!

# POOR PASTEUR HADLEY, THE PI(E)OUS PREP.

---

## CHAPTER I.

SILENCE, and the man from Harvard reigned supreme on the Fourth Floor. Tired Prepdom, lulled in old Morpheus' dreamy embrace, indulged in somnolent reveries of the golden days when they should be Freshmen bold.

The stars were up. So was P. Hadley.

---

## CHAPTER II.

The Supt's tall, came-over-in-the-*Mayflower* clock was just striking the midnight hour as the bold Pasteur tied his last shoe-string and stepped noiselessly into the shadowy hallway.

"Marry, a right sweet night this for young ducks!" quoth he, as he stole past the slumbering watchman and made his way down the long flights of stairs cellarward; for, sad to relate, this misguided youth was bent on marauding.

---

## CHAPTER III.

If Pasteur Hadley had one chalk-mark on the otherwise unsullied black-board of his character, it was his weakness for pumpkin pies. As an admirer of this particular species

of pastry, he had few living equals this side of New Jersey. Indeed, to such an extent did he gratify this propensity at home that his friends were wont to say, jocosely:

“Young Pasteur Hadley, a notable sinner,  
Eats pumpkin pies daily for breakfast and dinner.”

Here at school, however, where pies did not form so important a factor in the *menu* as at the Hadley homestead, young Pasteur was, of necessity, put to great straits.

To-morrow being the periodical pie day, that much-abused personage had resolved to-night to satiate his appetite at all hazards.

---

#### CHAPTER IV.

The daring boy has gained the cellar. The goal is in plain sight. The fire of ambition burns yet brighter in his eye. With fluttering heart and quaking frame, he stealthily feels his way among boxes and barrels to where many million molten moon-beams meander merrily over ponderous piles of palatable pumpkin pies.

“O, joy! Now am I in clover!” exclaims Pasteur, entranced for the moment at the witching sight; but for a moment only, for he is a man of action, not of words. Hastily seizing the nearest pie, he proceeds to bolt it in short order. A second from the same pile is soon sent to look after the first; and then—O horrible!—he reaches for another from a much smaller heap on one side of the rest.

Ah, Pasteur! Unhappy day for the Hadley clan when thou didst take that fatal pie! Knowest thou not that the small pile is the work of the Senior class in *cuisine*, and therefore not to be touched, save with a ten-foot pole? Art thou unaware that beneath the seemingly fair exterior, there lurks thy death blow?

The doomed youth devours part of the pie, all unconscious of his fate,—but suddenly he stops, staring wildly. The un-

eaten piece drops from his hand. An awful tremor convulses his form. A sensation as of a thousand rampant demons within him,—a stifled moan, and the spirit of the brave Hadley is wafted to the eternal Hence !

\* \* \* \* \*

The remainder of this harrowing tale is brief. Suffice it to say that his body furnished an interesting subject for the dissecting class for some seven months. Finally his skeleton was mounted by some of the more advanced of the class ; and now all that is mortal of poor P. Hadley stands in grinning ghastliness in a case in our museum, as an example to Freshman of the wonderful mechanism of the human frame, and as a solemn warning to all pi(e)ous Preps.





## TWO SHADOWS.

---

I saw a shadow with fair curls,  
Distinctly through the pane,  
Meet a shadow, not a girl,  
Who'd come from out the rain.  
And then these shadows joined as one,  
Of course, I can't say why;  
I heard—a cry as I passed on,  
“See how you've wet my tie.”



## A FEW FIENDS.

---

F-ll.—Pestilential bore.

L-ghtf-t.—Pre-Adamite punster of low order.

R-b-rts.—Misanthropic Dynamiter.

D-lw-rth.—Polyhedral differentiator.

W-bst-r.—Patent reversible subscription fiend.

---

W-llc-x.—

“If equal enjoyment I only could find  
In bodily feeding and feeding the mind  
Full as fat as I’ve grown, I should also grow clever,  
And go on getting wiser for ever and ever.”

Sp-nc-r.—“Therefore hearken unto the voice of wisdom,  
and call not thy neighbor on less than a straight, unless thou  
playest threes to beat it.”

C-chr-n.—

“I’m a being by the rude  
Enviously styled a dude.”

Fr-dl-y.—

“My girl is far away from me in *Pike Co.*, gegone,  
The days my head are rolling o’er, ich linger sadly on.”

Sm-dl-y.—

“My only books  
Are woman’s looks.”

## JUNIORISMS.

---

G-r-g—B-r-n-s-l-y.—

"It talks,  
Lord how it talks!"

A-l-c—B-tt-n.—"Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

W-l-t-r—B-r-w-n.—"As good be out of the world, as out of the fashion."

H-r-r-t-t—C-x.—"Love me, love my cat."

H-r-c—D-r-l-ng-t-n.—"God bless the man who first invented Sleepy."

F-r-d—D-l-w-r-t-h.—"Good goods come in small packages."

H-r-r-y—G-d-w-n.—"Held his head high, and cared for no man he."

A-n-n—J-n-k-n-s.

"A vague unrest,  
And a namless longing filled her breast."

T-h-m-s—J-n-k-n-s.—

"If I were punished  
For every pun I shed,  
"Twould be a puny shed  
To hide my punnish head."

F-r-d—L-n.—"Two strings to his bow."

L-n-d—P-l-m-r.—

"Whom we schoolmistress name,  
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame."

J-s-s—P-l.—"For I am nothing if not critical."

H-r-c—R-b-r-t-s.—"I seem half shamed at times to be so tall."

L-z-z—S-m-d-l-y.—"I do but sing because I must."

L-z-z—S-m-t-h.—"Above all, Greek."

A-n-n—T-r-v-ll.—"My little body is aweary of this great world."

W-ll-m—U-d-rw-d.—"The sweetest hours that e'er I spent, were spent among the lasses."

## SENIOR CLASS STATISTICS.

FAVORITE STUDY.	FAVORITE HAUNT.	HEIGHT OF AMBITION.	CHARACTERISTIC.	DESCRIPTION.
B-N-S, . . . . .	Anatomy.	To live.	Style.	As the name suggests.
C-CHR-N, . . . .	Co-Education.	To be admired.	None.	"Linked sweetness long drawn out."
F-R-DL-Y, . . . .	Fair Sex.	To get learner.	Mollis.	One smile.
J-HNS-N, . . . .	Aesthetics.	To pose.	Pertness.	Dignity personified.
M-RR-O-K, . . . .	Professors.	To be small.	Sleepiness.	Divinely tall.
S-M-DL-Y, . . . .	Dancing.	To be an athlete.	Talkativeness (?).	Must be seen to be appreciated.
S-P-NO-R, . . . .	Poetry.	To be agreeable.	"The very pink of courtesy."	"A poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."
W-TS-N, . . . . .	Mankind.	"To have a little list."	Loguacity.	Sunny locks.
W-LLC-X, . . . .	Ego.	To be a Senator.	Amiability (?).	<i>Flava Coma.</i>

## ASTRONOMY.

---

In the shadows of evening they watched the moon rise—  
No danger was there nor cause for alarm ;  
Yet she must have been frightened, for where was his arm ?  
They were studying astronomy, out 'neath the skies,  
Though he seldom looked higher than up to her eyes.  
They had wandered out there from the ball-room's bright glare,  
To study the stars, get a breath of fresh air.  
She was dressed in the fashion, but what hid her waist ?  
Was that black thing a belt that around it was placed ?  
It resembled a coat sleeve, but that could not be ;  
For belts look like coat sleeves, you know, by the sea.

## A CLASSIC RESCUED.

BY THOMASUS JONESIENSIS.

*Fellow of the University of Swarthmore, A. D. 2194.*

THE workmen were digging a trench near the college, when suddenly a pick-axe went crashing through the thin crust of earth, and, slipping from the grasp of the workman, disappeared. A subterranean chamber! Ancient moneys—curious pottery—some ancient writing, perhaps,—these suggested themselves immediately. Maybe they had been hidden away here in the bowels of the earth by those old fellows with their queer caps and gowns who we know haunted the precincts of Swarthmore when it was but a small college. With bright hopes we crowded down the opening, now enlarged by the workmen, and proceeded to explore the various clefts and crannies of the pit. Here we found many relics of an elder time,—a foot-ball, a curious account-book, a well-thumbed copy of a work in some forgotten tongue, a block of hard substance labeled with the mystic characters—CAKE. But best of all,—a roll of paper covered with dust, tied up with strings long since become hard and dry with age, a seal corroded from long soaking in the juices of the earth, and sheets whose ragged edges bespoke a time when men saw fit to ape the work of an age which to them was pre-historic. Carefully packing our discoveries we ascended, and retired with feverish haste to examine them. To our delight we found our manuscript to be a text of an ancient poet who lived somewhere between the seventeenth and twentieth centuries, and who is also supposed to have written an epic poem known by the somewhat peculiar

title "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." But a few fragments of this manuscript remain. Ours was only the third that had been found of our poet, and there is strong internal evidence to prove that the edition was partially suppressed.

I take this opportunity to lay before the public the results of my investigations, and hope that my humble efforts will do something towards awakening an interest in this bard of old, and in the wonderful language in which he wrote. No hasty perusal, however, even with the aid of careful annotations, will reveal the rich mines of ancient sentiment, feeling and wisdom found beneath the polished surface. Finally, if any toiler up learning's height shall have found as much pleasure and profit in a careful perusal of the poem as I have in editing it, I shall be amply rewarded.

THE EDITOR.

## ELEGY.

### I.

Each living thing appeareth quite silent,  
As e'en it were in harm'ny with this scene;  
All nature beams as if it were content  
When robed with the garb of em'rald green.

### II.

This day of days when nature smiles serene,  
We take unto ourselves the pleasant task,  
A tree to plant, though it but change the scene,  
Yet thereby she perhaps assumes a lov'ler mask.

### III.

"The beech-tree we inter this day shall live"  
Exclaims each noble patron of our class;  
And should the "small-boy" once attempt to strive  
A twig to harm, henceforth shall be a mass.

### IV.

As this small tree we hope shall grow erect,  
And send its many branches toward the sky,  
May each and ev'ry deed of ours project  
So upward, much can be done by the by.

## V.

Oh! life's a journey wrought with thorns and snares,  
And brambly jungles we therein must roam.  
Our faith's the round by which we mount o'er cares,  
And safely arrive at the port of "Home."

## VI.

We do not know the first to leave this realm  
Of these good faces thronged around about :  
The caution is, however, take the helm,  
And steer her clear of any stray redoubt.

## VII.

We know not what the future has in store,  
Or is this tree to be, or not to be ;  
This question is a case of dubi'us lore,  
Posterity alone'll decide for me.

## VIII.

But take the supposition that she thrives,  
May it the emblem of this group become,  
And looming up before our after lives,  
To its bold teachings we may thus succumb.

## IX.

When ivy shall have hidden those gray walls,  
And this shall have become of proper size ;  
May students that frequent these classic halls,  
Pay due respect to where this old tree lies.

## X.

That each one may a marv'lous tale unfold,  
Of eighty-seven and her wondrous men ;  
Renowned for valor, 'til then untold,  
As sundry aches for lessons quite pro-tem.

## XI.

And to the mould a g'ometry's consigned,  
To reap its deserts, formerly withheld :  
This almost book of books to us maligned,  
Will now the worm in ax'om have compelled.

## XII.

This musty volume one may thus condemn,  
But doth it not provoke a homage slight,  
When one may by a curi'us strategem  
Convince the pony he must step aright?

## XIII.

This tree shall combat with the elements;  
It shall be bruised and torn by many foes;  
Its motto "conquer" then meet blandishments,  
May we the stream of adversity row.

## XIV.

And row with all thy power, all thy might;  
Turn neither to the right nor to the left;  
And thou conclusively will come in sight  
The goal of 'til now thou hast been bereft.

## XV.

Oh tree! let me address these words to thee;  
A living being thou art to us all:  
Though not possessed of speech we plainly see,  
Thy silence ratifies a deeper call.

## XVI.

Thy branches shall be of different lengths,  
So shall we all meet more or less success:  
But in this battle give us that bold strength  
Which forward shall push us and not regress.

## XVII.

A decade shall pass, and oh! what a change;  
Some of these faces so blithesome and gay,  
Who smiling round about this tree do range,—  
Then some of us here shall have passed away.

## XVIII.

Have passed away into another sphere,  
Our flesh indeed will have ceased to be;  
Our deeds shall upon the eternal meer  
Exist as long as this wise old beech tree.



## XIX.

But now enjoy these quaint and rich old times,  
 Let us away with this most dismal song  
 Of hammering quadruplets into rhymes :  
 Our wish that all may live happ'ly and long !

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## ANNOTATIONS ON THE ELEGY.

There can be little doubt to the object of the poem, although some editors have exercised a great deal of unnecessary ingenuity on the subject. The occasion, we may safely say, was the planting of a beech-tree by some organization known by the remarkable title of "Eighty-seven," and not, as some would have it, for a political mass-meeting or a salvation army celebration.

¶ I. *l. 1*.:—Indicating a ceremony of unusual solemnity. The hyperbolic statement is tempered by the word 'quite.'—*Silent*.:—Accent on the last by special licence to writers of pentameter.—*Robed with the garb*.:—A pleonastic expression with the cognate accusative, arguing against the theory that the early sheets of our poet were revised by the celebrated philosopher and grammarian, Alexander Pope.

¶ II. *Day of days*.:—cf. Horace, *rex regum*.—*Perhaps* (*l. 4*).:—The line is hypercatalectic, and it certainly looks as if the word 'perhaps' had been inserted by some bungling copyist. One editor takes the use of this word, and that of *serene* adverbially (*l. 1*) as proving conclusively that our author was a native born German and could not rid himself of his fondness for particles.—*Lov'ler mask*.:—*i. e.*, 'lovelier aspect.' *Lovlier*, archaic spelling of 'lovelier.'

¶ III. I have ventured to insert quotation marks about *l. 1*.—*Patron*.:—Ante-classical for 'member.'—*Small-boy*.:—Much doubt exists as to the meaning of this expression, the most probable conjecture being that it was an epithet for the lowest class in an American college of past ages mentioned in contemporaneous literature as "Freshmen."—*Attempt to strive*.:—An emphatic statement of the entire

futility of such a course.—*Henceforth shall be a mass*:—*i. e.*, a shapeless mass of flesh and bone. A horrible revenge, truly!

¶ IV. *l. 1*:—Observe the smoothness of the line and the use of monosyllables denoting both the slow, even process of growing and the intermittent periods of a deciduous tree.—*May*:—The poet intended to write ‘if,’ or perhaps ‘may’ is an old orthography.—*Much can be done by the by*:—A remarkable passage. The irregularity of the metre denotes that such an end can only be obtained by some few rude knocks by the world.—*By the by*:—A more usual form would have been, ‘on the way,’ or, ‘during the projection.’

¶ V. Some moral reflections of great beauty.—*Home*:—A seabord town on the coast of New Jersey, famous for its quiet harbor. Here used as denoting peace and security.

¶ VI. *Steer her clear*:—*i. e.*, the ship of life. The rhyme of the words is much admired.—*Stray redoubt*:—An allusion to the ancient superstition that pieces of the mainland often detached themselves and floated around in the ocean.—*Redoubt*:—Properly means an embankment, and here implies the walls of dangerous rocks likely to be found on these nomadic isles.

¶ VII. *l. 1*:—A manifest plagiarism from Cicero, although the thought is not new.—*To be, or not to be*:—Imitated by Shakespeare in his Hamlet’s soliloquy where the thought is expanded.—*Dubi’us lore*:—*i. e.*, involving doubtful issues. Wilkinson regards this as the name of some celebrated lawyer or statesman of the day, famous for his acumen; so this is a case fit for his consideration.—*Alone’ll*:—*i. e.*, ‘alone will;’ a euphonious contraction necessitated by the exigencies of the metre.

¶ VIII. *ll. 1 and 2*:—This thought has been elaborated and expanded by a second-rate poet into a poem of fourteen cantos.—*Thus succumb*:—*i. e.*, as the poet is now yielding to the violent throes of inspiration which surge through his soul.

¶ IX. *Those gray walls*:—With a gesture toward some adjacent building.—*ll. 2 and 4*:—The poet has not preserved here the unity of time perfectly as a tree of “proper size” would have small occasion for “lying.” Thomson emends ‘sighs’ for ‘lies’ as expressing the thought better.

¶ X. *Tale unfold*:—cf. Shakespeare: “I could a tale unfold,” etc. Probably imitated from our passage.—*Eighty-seven*:—Commentators disagree as to the nature of these organizations. Some hold the opinion that they were so named from the number of members they contained, as “fifty-four,” “hundred-six,” etc.; others, arguing from the remainder of this line, think they were a military company distinguished for their bravery.—*’Til then*:—A remarkable and seemingly useless elision. No satisfactory explanation has been given of this as yet.—*l. 4*:—Observe the condensation; *pro-tem* is rendered by some editors ‘extemporaneous;’ others, ‘prepared for the occasion.’

¶ XI. *The worm in æ’om*:—*Locus vexatissimus!* The most laborious application has hitherto been in vain to extract the atom of sense supposed to be buried in this line; nor is it to be wondered. The whole tendency of modern thought and feeling is so different from the ancient, that we are fain to retire from the contest and leave the problem for unborn generations. Let this be an item in “the legacy of the ages.”

¶ XII. *Curi’us strategem*:—Illustrated by the construction of the whole stanza.—*l. 4*:—The ancients excelled in the equestrian art.

¶ XIII. *Blandishments*:—Again we are at a loss. Conjectural readings are, ‘accidents,’ ‘accomplishments,’ ‘acknowledgements’ and ‘documents.’—*May we the stream, etc.*:—Very likely an interpolation by some wrong-headed moralist, who, vainly attempting to interpret the preceding line, has chosen this means to reflect the gloom and dark despair brooding over his soul in consequence.

¶ XIV. Change to direct address for variety.—*Of 'til now*:—An epithet imitated from a Greek construction, *e. g.*, ‘the then condition of affairs.’

¶ XV. Affecting and pathetic. The poet here strikes a chord which still vibrates in the heart of men.—*Ratifies a deeper call*:—Pegasus probably here gave an unruly plunge which compelled the rider to fill the line out as best he might.

¶ XVI. *l. 1*:—Indicating minute observation of nature and more than a superficial knowledge of horticulture.—*l. 4*:—The irregularity in the first half of the line represents the difficulties of the straight and narrow way, while the smooth metre of the latter part exemplifies, *facilis descensus Averno*.

¶ XVII. *l. 2*:—The change from iambs to anapaests is sanctioned by poetic usage and probably strengthens the idea of the mobility of the “faces.”—*l. 4*:—The poet is so transported by his prophetic vision that he ignores the beginning of the sentence, and chooses to change the construction abruptly to express the violent rupture of family ties.

¶ XVIII. *The eternal meer*:—*i. e.*, ‘eternal mere.’ A mere *lapsus styli*, or the archaic spelling. The reference is to the ocean of time.

¶ XIX. *l. 1*:—Is quoted as evidence how far our poet was in advance of his age. Truly, indeed, were those old times “quaint and rich,” and much to be enjoyed. But the poet modestly insinuates that such enjoyment will be inconsistent with the perusal of his poem. Finally, though our author admits that he has been compelled to goad Pegasus on by the force of genius, yet the concluding line lingers on the breeze like a strain of distant music, and he must be more or less than mortal who can rise from reading the concluding stanzas without a higher idea of the authority of law, the power of faith, the sacredness of duty, the dignity of man’s rational and moral nature, and the advisability of limiting our course of reading.

## THE GROWLERS,

—OR—

MIKADO, JR.

SCENE.—Study-room at Swarthmore. Students and Professors on the stage.

CHORUS.—*Students.*

Our faculty, each virtuous man,  
When '87's course began,  
Resolved to try  
A plan whereby  
Our crimes might best be ferreted.  
So they decreed, in rules unsound,  
That boys and maidens coasting found,  
Or walking, flirting on the ground  
Should forthwith be demerited.  
And I expect you'll say just here  
These rules were needlessly severe.  
That I am right,  
And you are right  
In saying so is very clear.

This book of rules you'll understand,  
Caused great dismay throughout our band,  
For Freshmen shy  
And Seniors high  
Were equally affected.  
The youth who undertook one day,  
To steer down hill his fair one's sleigh,  
Was pounced upon without delay,—  
He usually objected.

Next year we welcomed, though on trial,  
 A Prof. who had, for quite a while,  
 Been here at school  
 Before this rule  
 Had been in operation.  
 Because we thought that such a one,  
 Who once had tasted all our fun  
 Would not shut down on us, or run  
 Us in for violation.

[*Exeunt Chorus.*]

SOLO.—*But, But.* (A Prof.)

Taken from a favorite class,  
 Near a score at graduation ;  
 Elevated by my brass  
 To a lofty situation ;  
 Given power o'er the mass  
 Of my friends in old relation ;  
 Surely, never man nor lass  
 From so high an elevation,  
 Looking down as through a glass,  
 Viewed his former lowly station.  
 So I think my tale will pass  
 With the wond'rous of our nation.

CHORUS.—*Preps.*

Behold the Lord High Demeritor !  
 A personage of gouty limb withal ;  
 The Delinquent Session Conferitor,  
 The whole of Prepdom trembles at his call.  
 Defer, Defer,  
 To the noble Lord High Demeritor.

SONG.—*Lord High Demeritor.*

As some day it may happen that a victim is desired,—  
 I've got a little list—I've got a little list.  
 Of offenders here at Swarthmore who might as well be fired,  
 And who never would be missed—who never would be missed !  
 There's the lad who at the *Alligator* daily may be found ;  
 All people who inhabit caves dug underneath the ground ;  
 Those lovers, who in ciphers queer, long love epistles write,  
 And meet each other in the hall,—'tis time they're going, quite.



Those mashers who neglect their work to promenade the hall  
 Escorting to their classes girls,—you bet I'd ship 'em all.  
 All Preps, who scour the county o'er, in search of "feathered fruit"  
 I'd let them meet a sad, sad fate, upon the farmer's boot.  
 Those upper classmen who at nine, to get their mail insist,—  
 They're all upon my list—I'm sure they'd not be missed.  
 The lad who to the nurs'ry goes, his lessons hard to shirk;  
 Those fellows who make ponies long with which to pass their work.  
 There's the cruel midnight hazer and the others in his line,  
 Though some proof may still be wanting, yet I've got 'em all down fine.  
 But as I feared some nuisances were overlooked or missed,  
 I therefore asked a Senior grave to finish out the list.  
 He said if he were in my place the "bums" would all go down,  
 Those people who made calls on you like cousins come to town,  
 Who brought their books along with them and came to spend the day,  
 Who used your ink, and borrowed stamps, and seldom went away.  
 The ceaseless agitator who is always hatching schemes  
 And bores his fellow students with his visionary dreams.  
 The man who rises up at six and thumps upon the door,  
 Subscription fiends,—with all of them you'd like to wipe the floor.  
 The man who plays his banjo in his room across the way,  
 Those nuisances who foot-ball talk throughout the livelong day.  
 The poet who writes verselets on the falling of the leaves;  
 Your rival who is prating of the favors he receives;  
 Those people who will lie about the times before the fire,  
 Who say the college's running down, although the standard's higher.  
 But it really doesn't matter whom you put upon the list,  
 For they'd none of them be missed—they'd none of them be missed!

CHORUS.—*Class of '89.*

Comes a class of little Freshies  
 From our mother's aprons free,  
 Each a little bit afraid is,  
 Wondering what school life can be!

Freshmen we eighteen and under,  
 Never been from home before,  
 With our mouths wide ope, we wonder  
 Where to see a Sophomore.

TRIO.—*Enter Littlebert, Long Bill and Feet.*

*The Three.*—Three little Sophs at school are we,  
 Brave as Soph'mores well can be,  
 Freshmen soon our might shall see,—  
 Soph'mores we at school.

*Littlebert.*—This little Soph struck a mash, Yum, Yum ;

*Long Bill.*—This little Soph got left, by gum ;

*Feet.*—This little Soph has never had one,

*All.*—Soph'mores we at school.

*The Three.*—Three little Sophs who, all alert,  
Filled with knowledge to the shirt,  
Everything's as clear as dirt,  
Three little Sophs at school.

*Littlebert.*—Freshmen are our lawful prey—

*Long Bill.*—But go slowly for they say—

*Feet.*—Hazers soon are sent away,

*All.*—Three little Sophs at school.

[*Exeunt Sophs and Freshmen.*]

DUET.—*Prof. of Zero and Josh.*

*Prof.*—From students one and all  
Obedience I expect ;  
I'm the boss of Science Hall--

*Josh.*--And I'm the boss elect !  
He 'll turn over his keys,  
Whenever I please,  
Unto the boss elect.

[*Exit.*]

SOLO.—*Orlando.*

See how the fates their gifts allot,  
Pete is captain, I am not ;  
Yet I'm more worthy, I repeat,  
Of the captaincy than Pete.

[*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS.—*Lazy Students.*

The finals that come in the spring,  
Tra la.  
Give promise of many conditions—  
While this is the hope that they bring,  
Tra la,  
A summer of private tuitions.

[*Exeunt.*]



Enter *Ary* riding a logarithm.

SONG.—*Ary*.

Though arms may break !  
 And sting and ache.  
 I never quake,  
 And though less spry ;  
 I work away,  
 From day to day,  
 As witness, say,  
 Dif'rential  $y$ ,  
 Dif'rential  $y$  !  
 Oh, tell me why,  
 I may not yet  
 By hard work get  
 As prize the valedictory.

SOLO.—*Flappers*.

On a log by a cricket a boy and a maid  
 Sang Co-edu, Co-edu, cation !  
 And I saw them thus sitting alone in the shade,  
 Co-edu, Co-edu, cation !  
 While I wondered what freak kept them there in the cold,  
 When the ice was so fine and the log was so old,  
 Or why lingering thus her hand he should hold,  
 Co-edu, Co-edu, cation !  
 He slapped at his breast as he sat on the bough,  
 Co-edu, Co-edu, cation !  
 While the tell-tale blushes rose up to her brow,  
 Co-edu, Co-edu, cation !  
 Though nothing I saw, but this pantomime show,  
 Yet I feel just as sure when they started to go ;  
 All the good of that song they had reason to know,  
 Co-edu, Co-edu, cation !

DUET.—*Tuey and Jersey*.

*Tuey*.—Oh, finals have a pleasure that is grim,  
 Examinations only terrify the wise ;  
 But to him that's scientific  
 There is nothing that's terrific  
 In a problem where we integrate the  $\pi$ 's.

*Jersey*.—Yet in spite of all my meekness,  
 If I have a little weakness,  
 It's a passion for those old-time Pumpkin pies.

CHORUS.—*Halcyon Eds.*

So please you friends we much regret  
If we have failed in etiquette,  
Or been a little too severe  
On any friend or schoolmate dear.  
If any feelings have been rent  
    Why pardon us,  
    Why pardon us.  
That you should think affront was meant  
    Is hard on us,  
    Is hard on us.

But if this plea is made in vain,  
And some insulted there remain;  
Why just come to our sanctum door  
    Our fighting eds. will cleave you there,  
    Will cleave you there.  
Strew your remains about the floor,  
    And leave you there,  
    And leave you there.





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